TO THE

Two Universities,

AN

EPISTLE.

Together with a

PREDICTION

Concerning the

FRENCH;

Translated out of *CALLIMACHUS.*

Who is by

St. *Paul* said to be a Prophet, and that his Testimony is true, 1 *Titus*, ch. 1. v. 12, 13.

—— *Vos exemplaria Græca*
Nocturna versate Manu, versate diurna. Horace.
Et totum spirent præcordia Phœbum. Claudian.
——*ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis sub testibus fides.* Petron.

Licensed, Sept. 12. 1690.

LONDON:
Printed for *Richard Baldwin*, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-lane*, 1691.

TO THE

Two Universal

AN

EPISTLE

CONCERNING

FRIENDSHIP:

LONDON:

Printed for Richard Baldwin, near the Oxford-Arms in Warwick-Lane, 1696.

821
T5538

English

TO THE

Two Universities,

AN

EPISTLE.

JOY all-afloat, and now the Tide ſo high;
Yet *Cam*, and *Ouze*, the Muſes Springs, are dry.
Loſt is the Vein, the celebrated Dew,
Whence Lawrel, and ſo goodly Garlands grew.
Ye, the two Lights; ye, *Albion*'s ſovereign Beams,
Break from the Cloud, and play along the Streams.
Shou'd any dry *Dilemma* ſtrain your thought,
One, at the door, attends your *Gordian* knot.
If Friends, your Tributary-Hymn reherſe;
If Foes, then pay your Contribution-Verſe.
Birds feel the Genial Vertue of the Spring,
Their Tranſport ſhew, nor need be bid to Sing.
You Orders wait; condemn'd to write in Chains,
And row, as in a Gally, with your Pens.
King *WILLIAM* wou'd not reliſh Victory,
If you, in Mood and Figure, prove not free.

Yet free you tiff up *Celia*'s dangling Hair;
Make *Cloe*'s Eyes, each, twinkle to a Star;
You point an Epigram; you trill a Song;
Lash with Lampoon, or Satyr's harder Thong.
When God-like Deeds, and loudest Wonders call,
Ye droop, ye sink, no fire, no spark at all.
Then you, dead Founders, and Antiquity,
(With lawless, sensless Priviledges) vye:
And, in the Wild-Goose-chace so blind are run,
That, at Mid-day, you hardly see the Sun.
Some *C[illegible] Gorgon* stuns your mind,
Or seven-fold *Hydra* of the M[illegible] kind;
Or Snake your Blood, and viler Serpents freez,
That roll, and loll, and hiss from hollow trees.
This sullen, double, wayward, haggard Air,
Looks as the Weather were not inly fair.
I wou'd not strain Poetick Faith, but hope
We may have better English from the Pope.
O Christ, how others, that pretend to Save,
Together link Religion and a Slave!
Nay, Protestants (but be it said no more)
Row'd the *French* Galleys to our amaz'd shore,
With wooden Shooes, to clamp in ev'ry Town,
And *Irish* Frogs, to croak about the Throne.
When *Ganges*, or the *Granic*, ye rehearse,
The *Indian* King, or *Persian* Monarchs Wars,

There,

There, rambling *Bacchus*, double dy'd in Blood;
Here, *Alexander* flouncing thro' the Flood:
When fir'd with these, your Raptures, and your Wine,
Might ye not dip a little at the *Boyn?*
Where (not on your Horse-Legend to Entrench)
Now quags a Bog with *Tory*-blood, and *French*.
Ah, had just Heaven not warded off the Shot,
Even you had cry'd, The Gods were in the Plot.
In vain it roul'd, Heavens did their Justice clear,
Put to their hand, nor durst be Passive there.
Man is not, in an instant, to create,
But, one by one, turn o're the Leaves of Fate:
Yet *WILLIAM*'s course so swift, old Fate perplext,
To turn, and find what is to follow next:
And Nature griev'd, as of all Name bereft,
Shou'd nothing be to Second Causes left.
The Power Divine, that breath'd on Nature's face,
Let Time (six days) the several Features trace.
Think not three Crowns confine his generous care;
It beams around, and moves in every Sphere.
See, with his Cause, with the same Spirit warm,
His *Theseus*, and confederate Heroes arm;
With pious Arms, thro' *France*, to cut their way;
France, now the Den, for every Beast of Prey.
'Tis He that bids the *German* Eagle fly
Above the Moon, that guilds the *Turkish* Sky.

His Banners on the *Alpin* Mountains play,
And cheer the Vales, uncuſtom'd to the day.
His Power thro' Rocks, by *Hercules* renown'd,
And *Hannibal*, a readier Paſſage found.
Eternal Froſt has there his Influence felt;
And, by his Rays, the harder *Switzers* melt.
Where ſhall I touch? the *Indies* ſtill behind,
And t'other World! O King of Human-kind!
Who might but half his Operations know,
Wou'd ſwear, the Sun has hardly more to do.
He ſhines, and forward carries on the day;
And finds no ſtop, no *Tropick* in the way.
The roſie Eaſt, the Weſt, and either Pole,
The Vigor feel of his extended Soul.
From Violence, and all Inhumanities,
He clears the Mountains, and He ſcowers the Seas.
Strife ſhall no more this giddy World divide;
Nor, on the Earth, that Hag, *Oppreſſion*, ride:
But *Truth*, all naked, at broad day appear,
And *Vertue* walk familiar every-where,
And *Peace*, in her ſoft hand, the Globe ſuſtain;
Our *Hercules* ſhall fix his Pillars then.
Then every Mouth confeſs the Heavens are juſt:
God never found a King before to truſt.
If Admiration honeſtly ſuſpend
Your Muſe; when muſt the Admiration end?

New

New Matter ſprings; A boundleſs Torrent flows;
And each Sun, like it ſelf, a Wonder ſhows.
Puzzl'd is Fame, which foremoſt to relate,
King *WILLIAM*, or King *WILLIAM*'s glorious Mate.
The Orb of Things, and Nature's whole Affair,
Turn on the ſingle Pins of Peace and War.
Whil'ſt him fierce Arms, and horrid Pomp expreſs,
Her proper Province (one wou'd think) is Peace.
Peace, and the Shade, and Myrtles branching round,
As wiſhing thence her lovely Temples crown'd.
With Peace affected, yet to War ally'd,
She plays her part, in Wars rough buſineſs try'd.
She always, for the Militant, did hold;
And oft has heard how Angels fought of old,
When Heavens Militia, the Seraphick Hoſt,
Drove the black Squadrons from the [illegible] Coaſt,
God-like She ſtands, with an undaunted grace,
Tho' Terrors crack and flaſh around the place;
Nor is diſmay'd, howe'r the Chance is ſlurr'd;
Nor from her Sceptre frightned by the Sword.
That gentle ſweetneſs, in her Ayr, and Face,
Make not the Awe, the Sovereign Dread, the leſs.
The Majeſty with Beauty ſits ſecure;
Nor does the Sex effeminate her Pow'r.
Yet never Lawrel-wreath, nor Crown, till now,
Sat on ſo ſmooth, on ſo ſerene a Brow.

The Graces ſmile to find their Myrtle-brayd,
Tip the Imperial Honours of her Head.
Thoſe ſofter Graces that her Glory joyn,
Sacred, ſay they? Oh, certainly Divine!
Her Vertue far the Rebel Legion breaks:
Beneath her Eyes unfaithful *Neptune* quakes.
So, on the Waves, Love's Queen no ſooner ſhone,
But all the Horrors of the Seas were gone.
What if her wary Fleet, for once, gave way,
When did ſhe build on either Wind or Sea?

Might *Granta* be excus'd in Piety;
So much a Swan, that if ſhe ſing, ſhe dye.
Yet *Iſis* need not ſtint her joyful Note,
That Siſter is not old enough to dote.
Tho' *Greklade* ſhe, and *Grecian* Honors cry;
The *Grecian* flights ſcarce match our Hiſtory.
Their long-train'd Heroins, (if we *Homer* truſt)
In days of yore, did raiſe but little duſt.
Penelope, her Husband turns his back,
She ſpins, and whines, and all is gone to wrack.
Andromache was great in Name, but all
Known of *Andromache*, is, ſhe was tall.
Search Heaven, let thither mount our Nobler Dream:
What is dull Turf, to our, no Mortal, Theme!

That *Jove*, whom all the Gods their Chief confeſs,
His *Juno* with him, were not of-a-piece.
Whil'ſt Giants he, and brave Adventure ſeeks,
Her buſineſs was ſome mean ungodly Piques.
Theſe Gods, and Court of Heaven, but ſhew how high
The boldeſt Wit, and *Greek* Inventions fly;
But ne'r wou'd *Bard*, for *Jove*'s, and Heaven's high Queen,
Have *Juno* feign'd, had they our *MARY* ſeen.
We find their Fancy, and their Fables ſhort,
To draw, from thence, a Copy of the Court.
With us, when foreign Monſters call for Wars,
Tho' *Schomberg* gone, we ſtill might ſhew a *Mars*.
Apollo too might nobly fill his Sphere,
Wou'd ye the Muſes from your Cloyſters ſpare,
Think, when ye ſee it wave, in *Dorſet*'s hand,
If *Mercury* ſo well became the Wand;
Or did, in either World, ſo charming move,
To Men below, or the few Gods above.

Dark, by the Hedges, my ſhort Pen I wield;
To you is left, the wide, the glorious Field;
To tempt you more; no Goddeſs toucht, or blown;
Pallas is yours, and *Venus* all your own.

A PROPHECY Concerning the FRENCH,

Translated out of *CALLIMACHUS.*

In Callimachus, *the Hymn to* Delos, *Vers.* 163.

APOLLO Speaks.

AMongst the Islands, plainly, I prefer
* *Ogygia*; and cou'd wish my Altars there: * *i. e.* Albion.
I like the Country, and I love the Men;
But Fate does † other Honors there ordain;
A Prince is there, the best of Kings design'd;
And, sure, the Chief of all the ‖ Savior-kind.
So mild his Power, so pure the Vertue shown,
As if He wore a * Miter, not a Crown.
Around the various World, however far
The Ocean flows, or *Phebus* drives his Car,

† Θεὸς ἄλλος. ‖ Σαωτήρων ὕπατον γένος. * ᾧ ὑπὸ μίτρην.

All own his Sway; and come with ſupple Knee,
Who willing, or are worthy to be Free.
His Fathers ways, to Juſtice always true,
He well ſhall know, and ſhall as well purſue.
The time will come, a common Cauſe ſhall joyn
Our Arms; My Cauſe is his, and his is mine:
When ſhall ſo high a * Giants Frenzy run,
In ſpite of me, to boaſt himſelf the Sun.
His wanton Brood ſhall Earth and Heaven aſſail,
As fierce as Thunder, and as thick as Hail;
Not Locuſts, with their ſwarms, that cloud the day,
Nor *Lybian* Sands, in number more than they.
Wild Deſolation ranges all about,
Where-ever ſtalks that Hundred-handed Rout.
The deſart Field, the ravag'd Country groans,
Whilſt Fire and Rage lay waſt the neighboring Towns.
No Monument, no Tower, no Temple ſpar'd,
By *Dorian*, or *Corinthian* cunning rear'd.
Each Holy Place profan'd, no Corner clean,
For bloody Targets, Halbards, Sword, or Skein.
Here a rich Dome they gut, there Myſteries
Tread under foot; and never bend their Knees.
Our Oracles, the Sacred Leaves they tear,
With impious hands, and toſs 'um in the air.

* ἐπιχθόνιοι παῖδες.

Even my own Shrines they break, my Altars ſap,
And, after this, ſhall one * *Galathian* ſcape?
Nay, their own Blood the Monſters Luſt ſhall quench:
Call them *Galathians*, *Gauls*, or † *Celts*, or *French*.
Under the Spoils, their barbarous outrage got,
And heaps of Ruins, that they made, they rot.
When Time ſhall bring this growing truth to light,
Then ſay, O King, *Apollo* levell'd right.
Whil'ſt there's a Dragon, or a Giant near,
My Bow ſhall twang, in conſort, with thy Spear.
Let my wing'd Vengeance the dire || Delphyn ſhoot;
With ∵ eaſtern Steel ſtrike thou both Branch and Root.
So our joynt Arms quite off the Earth ſhall chace,
That Vain, that Godleſs, that Unhumane Race.

---

* Γαλάτησι κακὴν ὁδόν. † Κελτὸν ἄρηα. || Δελφύνην τάξοισι πελώριον ἐξενάριξεν. ∵ ἢ ψιγόνοι τιτῆνες ἀφ' ἑσπέρου ἐσχατόωντος.

F I N I S.